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The Anchor



Volume XXVIII

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan, Wednesday, November 10, 1915

Number 8

JUNIORS TAKE CLASS FOOT BALL TITLE

Last week saw the end of the inter-class football schedule with the Juniors still heading the list with three won and none lost.

On Monday afternoon the crippled Seniors played the Freshmen and altho they had beaten them before, they could only hold them to another customary 0 to 0 tie. The Freshmen were only dangerous once when they were within 10 yards of scoring but were finally held and the Seniors took the ball out of danger. The Seniors, on the other hand, came within scoring distance several times, but lacked the final punch to send the ball over, due to the absence of a couple back field men. The line held well and broke up play after play of the Freshmen, who sometimes gained but a few feet in four downs.

The Wednesday's game between the Freshmen and Sophomore teams proved to be the last game of the season as well as the best. The Sophomores took an unexpected spurt and played rings around the Freshmen three out of the four quarters and scored a touchdown just as the first quarter ended. This seemed sufficient for them to win, for they were holding the Freshmen safe and breaking up many plays. During the last few minutes of play however, Dosker picked up a fumbled punt and ran 35 yards for a touchdown, and with Heemstra's point from goal tied the score at seven all, and the Sophomores' dream of winning at least one game vanished amid the yells of the Freshies. Vos and Chapman for the Sophs, and Dosker and Hamelink for the Freshies starred during the fair.

The Friday's game was forfeited to the Juniors by the Seniors because of a crippled line-up and this gave them the desired feed for which the lively contests of the last few weeks were played.

PREPS. TRY TO ARRANGE OUTSIDE CONTEST.

May Get One With Allegan High.

Two years ago the Meliphone Society held a contest in debate, oratory, and declamation with Allegan High school, and this year they are trying to arrange a similar contest. This time, however, the event is open to the whole Preparatory Department, and a committee has charge of matters. They have written to Allegan High, and the reply which has been received seems quite favorable. The committee is requested to propose three questions and send them to Allegan. So it is quite probable that the Preps. will try their wits against the neighboring High school sometime in the Winter term.

"A'S" AND "B'S" PLAN FRIENDLY CONTEST

OLD FLAG RUSH TO BE REPLACED BY MORE ORDERLY PROCEDURE

With the approach of cold weather the students are daily expecting to see the members of the "A" class come out some morning in a new and glorious splendor. It has been the tradition for some years that in the middle or latter part of the fall term the graduating class of the Preparatory department bedeck themselves with a class sweater or some other special article of clothing. And that time is drawing near.

In previous years it has happened that the class hoisted a banner in connection with their coming out in their

(Continued on Page Four)

PLANS FOR SEMI-CENTENNIAL PROGRESSING

Tentative plans for the celebration of Hope's Semi-Centennial are receiving a good deal of attention from the authorities of the college. Efforts are being made to collect a fifty thousand dollar endowment fund, and if these are successful it will add greatly to the significance of the occasion. As to the celebration proper, a day will probably be set apart in June on which special exercises will be held.

The General Synod of the Reformed church will be in session at Holland at that time and will join in the celebration. A committee of the Synod is providing for the necessary arrangements together with the local pastors and leading laymen. The Synod will be entertained at the Ottawa Beach Hotel and hold its business sessions there, coming to Holland for the inspirational meetings.

The Semi-Centennial celebration will mark an epoch in the history of Hope College, and will be, we trust, but the beginning of another period of even larger usefulness and success. The various exercises planned for next June promise to make it a memorable event.

PAGEANT PLANNED FOR CELEBRATION

Seniors To Be In Charge.

Tentative plans have been laid for a pageant to be held in connection with the Semi-Centennial next June. Several of the faculty members are very enthusiastic over the project. A pageant is a somewhat novel feature in Western Michigan, but has been presented with great success in various places. It will probably deal with the history of Hope College from the early pioneer days until the present. The presentation will involve a great deal of work in its preparation, but, if carried out well, ought to add greatly to the interest of the occasion.

The Senior class has decided to take the matter in hand. They will appoint a committee to act in conjunction with an advisory faculty committee. The Senior Class will be drawn upon for material first, but others of the college will also be invited to assist. If there remains any surplus after the expenses are paid, the Seniors will apply it on their memorial to the college.

DAILY MEETING AND INSPIRATION

WEEK OF PRAYER HOLDS ATTENTION OF STUDENTS

This is in many respects the biggest week in the whole school year for Hope College, the annual Week of Prayer. It has begun auspiciously. The meeting Sunday evening was better attended than the Sunday meetings of previous years. Prof. Dimment led and gave a most impressive talk on "The Miracle of the Christ." On Monday Prof. McCreary treated the topic, "Lost for Christ," in a comprehensive and helpful manner. As the week draws to a close, the meetings, we trust, will grow in inspiration, and exert their influence for many days to come.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Nov. 15—Monday—Junior Class Debates begin.

Nov. 16—Tuesday—Dr. H. E. Dosker in Seminary Lecture Course at 8 P. M.

Nov. 22—Monday—Dr. J. Ross Stevenson in Seminary Lecture Course at 2:30 P. M.

Nov. 23—Monday—Ingram and Chilson-Ohrum Number of College Lecture Course.

Nov. 24—Wednesday—Thanksgiving Vacation Begins at Noon.

PROHIBITION LECTURE COURSE

A meeting of the officers and Committee of the College Prohibition Association was held Friday afternoon, and it was decided that instead of conducting a study class as of former years, a lecture course will be held this year. The matter was brought up in the several societies Friday evening and a good attendance was promised. An invitation will also be extended to the girls and the Meliphone society to attend the lectures. The course will be as follows:

- 1 The Sociability Phase of the Liquor Problem—Prof. E. D. Dimment.
- 2 The Educational Phase—Supt. E. E. Fell
- 3 The Physico-physical Phase—Prof. J. E. Kuizenga.

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Literary Department

A Bit of Ireland

In the dear old country where the shamrock grows, where the grass grows green, where the heather blooms white, where lasses are merry and lads are true, there lay the castle of Glynmalyre. Beautiful, it reposed in the late autumn sunlight. The mists of the morning had melted away, leaving the near-by low hills lying brown in their heather carpet, while farther off on one side they lay mantled in purple and violet haze. The roadway to the castle was strewn with falling leaves from the century-old bronze beeches and oaks. The ivy-covered castle itself lay in somber dignity and quiet.

Here lived Sir Gerald of Glynmalyre, surrounded by contented and well-cared-for peasants, for Sir Gerald had a kind heart beneath his stern exterior, and the loving Irish blood of his tenantry responded gladly to the care of their master. And they also loved Anthony, the eldest son and future heir. Anthony, his blue eyes and big heart full of fun as the children well knew and his tongue ever ready with Irish wit to defend himself and his friends. But Michael, the younger son, was not so well liked. He was haughty and indifferent, caring only for himself, his dog, and the chase.

One afternoon Anthony was cantering easily home from a friendly visit to one of the outlying tenant's homes. A smile played about his well-set lips, and suddenly at some recollection he slapped his horse's neck and gave a ringing peal of laughter.

"Faith, and that was well said," he exclaimed to himself. "That old man's wits are sharp as his heart is big." And he laughed again. A sudden turn in the road just then brot him face to face with what looked like a dainty ghost in the summer twilight. He reined in his horse and a soft voice asked, "And isn't it sharing the fun you'll be doing?"

"Sure and I will, Kathleen," and dismounting, Anthony turned his horse's head and walked leisurely along with the girl.

"I was just a thinking o' what Pat O'Brian said to me this afternoon. I was asking him if the fences around his pasture didn't need repairing. 'Faith, that they do, but it's the cattle to put the fence around that I'm wanting first.'"

"And how may little Jimmy O'Brian's leg be getting along?" asked Kathleen.

"Oh, finely. Jimmy says, 'The rest o' me's so much gamer than my game leg that I feel quite foine.'"

"Dear little fellow. He's game all thru," murmured the girl.

"Kathleen, do you remember the song, 'Oh, it's just a bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day.' That's what your sunny smile means to a lot of us. That's what you mean to me."

For Anthony had all the tender courage of an Irish lover.

And when they reached the white gate of Father Crina's cottage where Kathleen kept house for her uncle, she turned reluctantly in. Patting his horse's neck affectionately, he remounted and cantered away with thotful face, while Kathleen in her cozy kitchen was absent-mindedly slicing the potatoes into the coffee pot.

One morning a few weeks later a sudden commotion arose at the castle. Servants ran hither and thither, the otherwise-passive liveried butler was wringing his hands, one retainer galloped swiftly away to the village while another blew the bugle to summon Michael from his hunting. The master had been taken suddenly ill. A half-hour ago he had been sitting in his easy

chair, reading the morning paper. Suddenly the paper had dropped to the floor; with a cry of pain he pressed his hands to his temples. He was carried to his room, gasping for breath. When the good old doctor came, he looked serious and said, "Some pressure on the brain. We'll do the best we can for him, and hurried away for his instruments for the operation. In the interval of waiting the suffering man regained consciousness for a few moments. He reached out his hands to his two sons. His lips moved and Anthony caught the words, "Do not hold any wake over my body. Bury me quietly by Annie's side." Then he fell back on his pillow.

"Do not hold any wake over my body!"

After the first few hours of stupid grief were over, Anthony thot of these words again. Not give any wake? What would the servants say? What would the tenants think? They had loved the stern, kind man in life. Would they not want to perform the last ceremonies of the dead—to help guide his spirit on its way to heaven? Anthony tried to face the situation squarely. His father's last words were law to him. But why had he made such a request? Simply because he hated show and noise. It would not affect him now, his devoted, superstitious tenants wanted to show their loyalty to the last. So he ordered the wake to be held.

That evening the tenants came crowding to the manor hall. Anthony himself greeted them. He knew them all, young and old, and each one had a cheering, sympathetic word for him. Presently they were all seated at the long tables, and the new master poured out the wine to his new tenants. His health was drunk, and Godspeed wished to the spirit of the departed Master. The younger people with more buoyant spirits grew quite animated in discussing countryside items of interest, while the more serious-minded congregated in groups and discussed the merits of their dead master. At the stroke of twelve the body was to be brot down into the hall. And as the hands approached the midnight hour, Anthony grew more and more restless. A vague foreboding possessed him. When the chimes in the upper hall had completed their twelve sonorous strokes, the heavy door slowly opened and six retainers slowly carried in the massive cedar coffin with its open top, revealing the peaceful face of Sir Gerald. Suddenly one of the pall-bearers tripped, the coffin received a violent jar. Sir Gerald's head bumped against the sharp, projecting edge. There was a painful groan. In fright the pall-bearers dropped the coffin and shrieks of terror and dismay were heard on all sides as the dead man slowly rose and looked dazedly about him. "What's this? A wake over my body? Nae, nae, son Anthony, I forbade that. I told ye I wanted no wake. I'm awake myself, I need no wake." Then gathering strength and anger he thundered, "Away, disobedient, arrogant son Thou art nae my son. I'll have none of thee. I disinherit thee. Away from my castle."

Time passed, but Kathleen's heart was heavy. She heard never a word from the wandering Anthony. At the castle Sir Gerald ruled as before, except that he was more irascible and at times subject to deep fits of despondency. Michael, now the future heir to the estate, brot more trouble than help. He was a law unto himself in his hunting, and destroyed many a peasant's crop in his reckless pursuit of the chase. In vain did Father Crina remon-

(Continued on Last Page)

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You should be especially interested in college activities this year—Hope's Semi-Centennial—the biggest year Hope has ever had. "The ANCHOR" will keep you in touch with all our plans. Our Alumni Department should be of especial interest to all graduates.

As an added inducement, we have made arrangements with "Harper's Weekly", one of the best and most popular magazines in America, so that we can offer you "The ANCHOR" for one year and "Harper's" for 20 weeks for \$2.00. Cut out the coupon and mail it to us now.

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Very truly yours,
Eugene Flipse, Sub. Manager
124 W. 12th St., Holland, Mich.

The Anchor

Published every Wednesday during the College Year by Students of Hope College.

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Editorial

A BIG YEAR

It is gratifying to note how much genuine interest there is among the students in regard to the Semi-Centennial celebration of our college. Reference is constantly made to it, and it is evidence that it is regarded as an inspiration for raising every activity of college life to its highest possibilities. And it is an event which may well inspire such a spirit of endeavor. The fiftieth birthday of an institution with such a record as ours is an occurrence of no little note. And supreme efforts are being made to make the celebration next spring an event long to be remembered.

There are many things which Hope has already achieved that she may congratulate herself upon. From an obscure, almost insignificant beginning she has come to take an honored place among the colleges of the land. She has trained and graduated men who are today wielding a mighty influence in the world. Her established reputation for scholarship, especially in the classics, and her more recent record in oratory and debate, are such as she may well be proud of. Truly, the Semi-Centennial will be an occasion for much joy and satisfaction.

But that celebration is yet at least six months away. It is still largely undetermined what the character of this last year shall be. That celebration will be a doubly joyous event if it comes after a banner year. It lies with us to make it that. It seems as though we ought to succeed in doing so. Scholarship we can uphold by hard work, if we only will. In oratory we have a strong representative among the men and a whole list of strong possibilities among the women. The religious and spiritual influences of the college seem especially active and real. There is a strong, healthy, sane college spirit evident. This ought to be an inspiration to us all to do our best. Altogether, the outlook is decidedly encouraging for a big year.

WHEN WE THINK.

It is often said that the student lives a care-free life, and to a great extent this is true. But he also can, and does, give his attention to the serious facts of life. This week is but another proof of that fact. Some of us are doing more downright serious thinking just now than we have for weeks at a time. And it is well that we have the occasion. Sometime we shall be brought face to face with the eternal verities, and it is best for us in every way that we face the issue squarely now. College students do have the capacity for deep thought, and we are exercising that capacity this week.

Opinions and Comments

MEL TROTTER—AN APPRECIATION

One evening in January, eighteen hundred ninety seven, there stumbled into the Pacific Garden Mission of Chicago one of the city's scum.

Ten months ago, on the anniversary

of that memorable meeting, an immense audience packed the City Mission of Grand Rapids.

Mel Trotter, once the barber bum, but now the most famous rescue mission worker in the country, was to tell the story of his deliverance from the power of darkness and his translation into the kingdom of the Son of God. Once the servile subject of Satan, swept before the irresistible avalanche of sin, he now stood before his auditors, a mighty preacher of righteousness, endowed with marvelous power from on high.

Mel Trotter is today one of the great religious leaders of the world. A living exponent of the tenets of the Christian religion, he is at the same time an uncompromising antagonist of evil in all its forms, a veritable "tower of strength, four-square to all the winds that blow." He has been pre-eminently active among those who compose the living drift-wood of our city streets. Through his indefatigable exertions hundreds have been rescued from the human junk-pile and led into an appreciation of the things that are more excellent. He has seen the mean and the despicable in men's hearts gradually superseded by the beautiful and the lovely. He has been the recipient of the inexpressible gratitude of many whose eyes had often been dimmed with the cold tears of utter hopelessness. Heartily hated by the hosts of iniquity, but sincerely revered and loved by a multitude of friends, Mel Trotter is today a moral force of the first magnitude.

And the secret of his power? "Other hope has he none, nor wish in life but to follow Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of his Savior."
—W. A. S., '18.

THE STRUGGLE TO GET BACK.

In every community we find men who have a record behind them which is not admirable. Even here among our students we can find some who at times have wandered from the wayside. They have departed from the paths of truth and going from bad to worse, they have given up the fight to continue to lead a Christ-like life.

From such a condition a feeling of isolation has come upon them. They feel that somehow or other, a change has come into their life, and that they no longer are able to continue to go about with the fellows with whom they were accustomed to associate. The ties of friendship are broken and they are left alone in their struggles.

In this state of affairs they begin to neglect their religious exercises. They look about them and notice sneers of contempt; and altho perhaps they do not hear remarks, they experience a feeling of despair stealing over them which they seem unable to avert. Doubts of religion enter their mind, and they wonder if after all religion is what is claimed to be. They do not have the courage to again attend the religious exercises, they hesitate to speak to their professors or any of their former friends, and as no one ever asks them anything about their spiritual life, they continue to drift helplessly upon an ocean of doubt, distrust, and unbelief.

But slowly the old things change, a broader outlook upon religion, upon society enters their mind and the struggle to come back begins.

What a blessing, then, is this week of prayer going to be especially for them. Here they can again see the power and strength of the religion of their childhood. Here they can once more learn that Christ came for the lost and that although they have wandered "into a far country" He is ever willing to receive them.

Undoubtedly many fellows this week will come "to the crossing of the roads" and will choose the way which leads to life and truth. Will you, who are Christians, again extend the hand of fellowship to them? Will you help them in their struggle to come back? Forget their past records, and again receive them with that same spirit which the Master possessed when he prayed, "Father forgive them."

Fellows, come and attend the daily prayer meetings, attend the Y. M. C. A., and do not neglect your religious du-



Last Wednesday evening when the "happy hundred" had gathered about the tables of the Dorm. an intruder was suddenly spied for whom no room had been provided, so the little bird visitor, for it was a swallow, contented himself by flying about the room. However the old saying is still true, that "Ornithological specimens of identical plumage habitually congregate in the closest proximity," and consequently Mr. Potts succeeded very easily in capturing it.

Basket ball leagues have started. A temporary league of one week in the Prep. Department was won by Baker's team who did not lose a single game. The college leagues started Monday and the new Prep. leagues Tuesday. The games all promise to be very spirited contests, since the championship teams of both College and Prep. will be giving a supper or banquet by the other teams.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place." So thot Dr. Venema, and acted accordingly last week when he assigned certain seats in chapel to be occupied by the different classes. Every class seems satisfied, especially the Seniors, who have plenty of room in the place of honor behind the Faculty.

Miss Hunt met with the cabinet members of the Young Women's Christian Association and gave a most interesting and instructive report of the Leaders' Conference which was held in Chicago.

The entire month of February will be devoted largely to the Jubilee idea, which celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the Association. This world-wide organization is very enthusiastic in its plans for the Jubilee, and it not only includes in its purpose a celebration of its anniversary, but by using this as a means, its object is to make every phase of the work of the Association more widely known.

Mrs. Durfee spent Saturday in Grand Rapids.

Miss Alice Joldersma, who is in training at Butterworth Hospital, visited the Dormitory on Wednesday. She was the guest of Amelia Menning and Henrietta Van Zee.

Miss Elizabeth Van Burk spent the week-end at Ann Arbor, where she attended the Michigan-Cornell football game.

Miss Marshall, one of the two visiting nurses sent out by the State Anti-Tuberculosis Association, who is spending some time in this city previous to the Anti-Tuberculosis campaign this week, spent last Wednesday evening at Voorhees Hall, where she gave a short informal talk to the girls.

Class parties in the Preparatory department were the rule and not the exception last week. The "B's" took the lead over a week ago when they enjoyed a Hallowe'en party in Van Raalte's barn. The "C's" were next in order and took Monday night as the time for their party. They were very fortunate in being invited to the home of a member of their class, Raymond Hopkins. Hallowe'en features were employed there too, and to good advantage.

The "D" class made their first venture a skating rink party, and it proved wholly satisfactory, in fact, a splendid beginning. The floor is still in good condition, in spite of the surprises it at times received, and promises to give more successful class parties.

The "A's" selected a cottage at Jenison Park as the place for their merry-making on Wednesday evening, and such it indeed proved. It was a novel party, and well enjoyed by all.

ties, and you will find that every one is glad and ready to give you the hand of fellowship.

—A. H. V., '18.

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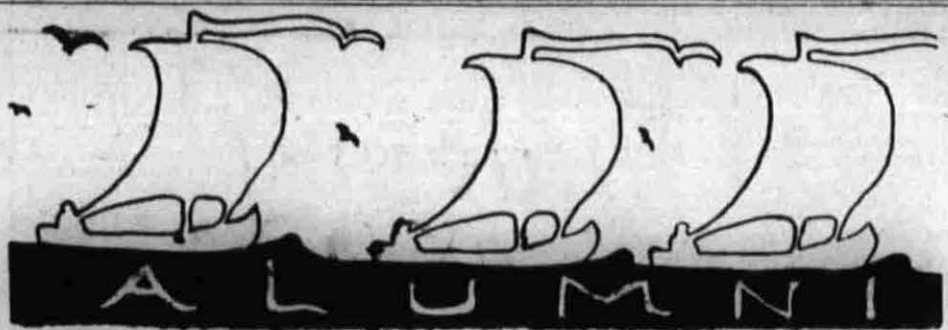
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Mr. Albert Lahuis, Prep. '76, was the chairman of the evening session of a large State Prohibition Rally held at Lansing, Michigan, on November 2.

Word has been received of the death of Miss Bernice Hoffman, '12, on October 30, at the Mayo Brothers' hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, from leakage of the heart. Miss Hoffman has been seriously ill for some time. She is the daughter of Rev. John Hoffman, '71, of Cawker City, Kansas.

Rev. D. C. Ruigh, '96, of the North Japan Mission, R. C. A. is still staying at Karuizawa by reason of ill-health. His work at Meiji Gakuin, has been taken over by Rev. D. Van Strien, '09, who has consequently moved from Nagano to Tokyo for the present school year.

Miss C. Janet Oltmans, '14, of the same mission has taken up her work at Ferris Seminary, 173 Bluff, Yokohama, which from now on is her permanent address.

For many years the general conduct of Steele Academy, Nagasaki, of which Mr. A. Walvoord, '04, is principal has been in the hands of the missionaries of the Nagasaki Station, acting as a committee. On account of the depletion of the forces of the station, caused by the removal of Sturges Seminary, it was decided at the recent annual meeting of the Mission to conduct the school by a committee of six members. At present four members of the committee are members of the Mission and the other two are Japanese.

Through the assistance of the head of the Chemistry Department, Dr. A. T. Godfrey, we have succeeded in obtaining the following data.

There are at the present time seventeen men and one woman, in all eighteen students, who have obtained their preparatory work at Hope and are now engaged in the study of medicine in the various universities. These students are scattered thru the country in nine different institutions. Their location is as follows:

- Columbia University—
 - Stanley F. Fortuine, '12.
 - Henry J. Pyle, '13.
- University of Pennsylvania—
 - William O. Hoebeke, '11.
- Western Reserve—
 - Clarence Holleman, '14.
- University of Michigan—
 - William Westrate, '11.
 - William Greenfield, '14.
- Detroit Medical College—
 - Gerrit Warnshuis, Prep. '11.
- University of Chicago—
 - John Vruwink.
 - Jacob Poppen.
 - Leon C. Bosch, '15.
 - Henry Duiker, '15.
 - Otto Vande Velde, '15.
- University of Iowa—
 - Frank J. Hospers.
- University of Minnesota—
 - Georgiana De Jong.
 - John Wallinga.
 - Herman Kooiker.
 - Dick Smallegan, '15.
- McGill University—
 - Adrian Scholten.

Ten of the students are graduates of a four years' course at Hope College while the other eight attended only long enough to obtain the requirements necessary for entrance into the University.

All of our "medics" have attended Hope within the last five years and two-thirds of them have been in the classes of the last two years. This gives some idea as to how Hope is advancing along scientific lines. At the present time our laboratories are on a par if not superior to any denominational school in Michigan, and last year shows an increase in the number of science men.

The following letter appeared in the "Messengers of Hope"—an Annual published by the Alumni of Hope College in foreign lands. As it concerns the Anchor we concluded to run it in this column. It is addressed to the editor of the "Messengers."

Pasumalai, E. India,
17th January, 1915.

My Dear Strick,

I wrote you some time ago about the messengers in India. What I want to suggest now is that we take advantage of the publication of the "Anchor" as a weekly and that we arrange for the issuing of a "Messenger" number, say about the first of May each year. I think the staff would probably welcome such a suggestion and one of the men on furlough could act as editor, and each editor could appoint his successor. He should be given plenty of time to correspond with those on the field and get from them such material as he wants. What do you think of it? Consult with the men near you and if you think it is worth while, put it up to the "Anchor" staff.

I suppose you will soon get out the Annual so it will not be possible to carry out this plan this year. But you might appoint some one for 1916; I shall be home in 1917 and should be willing to take it then. I believe Warnshuis will be there in 1918. By appointing the man a year at least in advance we would keep the thing going. I think we might elect a permanent secretary or stated-clerk for our organization and he could keep the ball rolling.

Steeds de uwe,
J. J. BANNINGA.

From E. J. Strick concerning the plan suggested by Mr. Banninga:

".....I wish to say that I feel very much inclined towards the suggested plan of Mr. Banninga..... I hope that the organization of the Messengers of Hope may take on a new life and that it may become more of a bond between the graduates of Hope who have come to the Orient."

Alumni, what do you think about it? Don't be over modest about giving us your opinion. This is your paper as well as ours and we want you to take interest enough to offer suggestions. This column is always open to communications. To repeat Mr. Banninga, "Whoop her up."

From another letter to Mr. Strick from Mr. Banninga the following excerpts are taken.

"The thought has just come to me that you will have a fine chance to get out something really good because next year is the Semi-Centennial of Hope College and you could get out a special number celebrating the occasion. You could show what Hope has done for each of the countries where she has sent her sons and daughters. I hope you will throw yourself into the task and make all enthusiastic about it. Whoop her up!!!"

"India is proud of the women that have come from the Reformed churches of Michigan and the West. We could not spare one of them—nay, would like a dozen or so more. There isn't space enough in the Annual to begin to tell of their accomplishments. The only fear is that they will kill themselves with work unless others come to their rescue. Hope College and the Western church ought to be ashamed to allow any mission to become so undermanned as the Arcot Mission is today. Both men and women are urgently needed."

Y. W. C. A.

The last of the series of lectures given in the Young Woman's Christian Association was on the topic, "Decisions; The Unanswered Question." It should be our purpose to face the issues of life intelligently, and not to shrink from knowing those things which vitally concern us all. Religion should be

Seminary News

Dr. Kolyn preached in Beverly Sunday.

Work was begun Thursday on new cement side walks between the Library building, the Dormitory, and Twelfth street.

The Middle class took a hike to Macatawa park Thursday afternoon. A good time was reported roasting wienies and sipping coffee bean extract.

Prof. Kuizenga delivered a series of addresses at Ferris Institute Sunday and Monday and preached in the Presbyterian church of Big Rapids Sunday morning.

Basket ball and Volley ball are in full swing again owing to the colder weather. Still the weather has not been cold enough to freeze the tennis fever out entirely.

Mr. J. M. De Vries is the proud owner of a new Victor.

The faculty has decided to give only one day of intermission for the Thanks giving recess, so as to give a longer recess during the holidays.

The regular Adelphe society meeting of Tuesday evening was set aside last week so as to give students and faculty an opportunity to hear the lecture by Dr. T. Alexander Cairns of Newark, N. J., in the Third Reformed church.

Miner Stegenga was called home the first part of the week on account of the serious illness of his mother. According to last reports she is much improved.

What might have been a serious fire in the Seminary hall was prevented Wednesday morning by the timely checking by Poppen and Stoppels of a blaze started in one of the rooms. No serious damage was done save charring of the floor, a hole in the rug, and the bottom burned out of an argument for smoking.

The Student Volunteers have received word that Mr. Robert M. Russell, Jr., of Princeton Theological Seminary, who is traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, will be with us November 22 and 23. Watch for further particulars.

It was a happy surprise for faculty and students alike to learn that Mr. and Mrs. C. Dosker of Grand Rapids, in addition to which the gifts they had already presented to the Seminary, had founded in the Seminary what will be known as "The Mr. and Mrs. C. Dosker Foreign Mission Prize" consisting of a prize of \$25 and \$10 for the first and second best foreign mission sermons preached by members of the Senior class, at the end of the first semester.

—"Son of Hope."

Y. M. C. A.

Last Tuesday evening the Y. M. C. A. meeting was led by B. Mulder on the topic, "The Simple Life." Mr. Mulder portrayed for us the simple life of the Saviour, how he went about, unassuming and unostentatious, doing good to those he met. The leader asked us to follow this beautiful example and especially in our relation to our fellow-students to be sincere. His talk was not of considerable length because it was consecration evening pointing forward to the week of prayer. In the half hour that remained many testified for their Christ or led in prayer consecrating themselves to His service and to the service of their fellowmen. The evening was an evening of inspiration and was not spent in vain.

positive, not negative. Our emphasis should be on what Christianity does, and not on what it does not do because of the weakness of its disciples. Our attitude should be that of looking forward, and not one of introspection. This topic and the discussion it afforded was especially appropriate at this time just before the week of prayer. The series of talks have been very well attended, and much interest has been shown by the girls.



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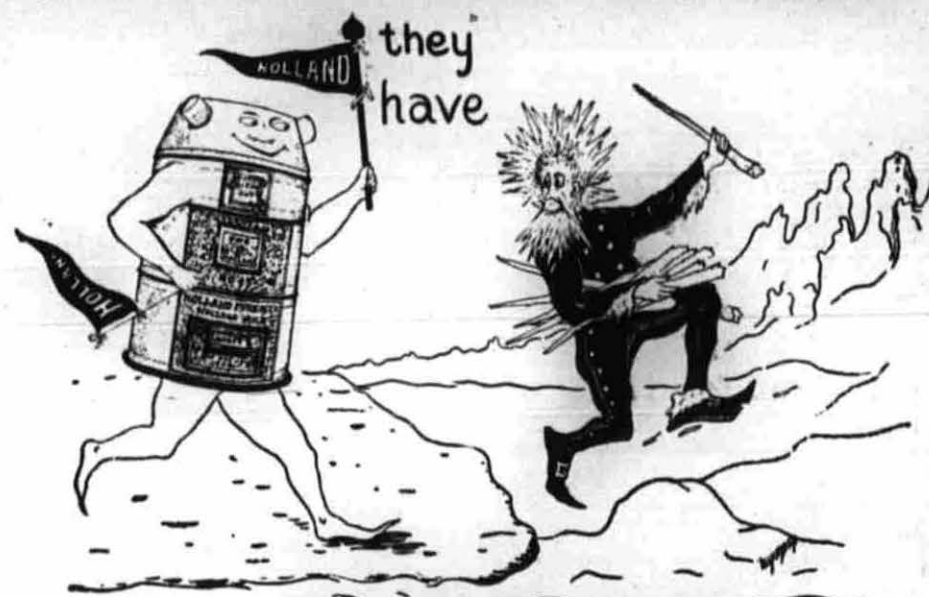
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HOLLAND, MICH.

"A's" AND "B's" PLAN FRIEND- LY CONTEST

(Continued from First Page)

new glory. The "B's" have then in-
variably attempted to take such a ban-
ner down, and the result has been a
class rush. But that procedure has
more than once brot the students into
conflict with the College authorities,
and so this year a new plan is being
formed.

The Student Council has laid a propo-
sition before the two classes whereby
the flag rush would be abolished, but
a contest of some sort would be held un-
der the supervision of the Council. The
"B" class has already accepted the
proposition, and it is expected that the
"A's" will do the same. Thus a con-
flict with the college authorities will
be avoided, and the rivalry between
the classes will be fought out in a
harmless, friendly contest.

A PROHIBITION LECTURE COURSE (Continued from Page 1)

- 4 The Political Phase—Prof. Winand
Wichers.
- 5 The Ethical Phase—Dr. John Beard-
slee, Jr.
- 6 The Solution of the Liquor Problem
—Rev. P. P. Cheff, of Zeeland.

All of these men have not as yet been
asked, but it is very probable that all
will take part. The meetings will be
held in Winants Chapel every other
Friday afternoon from 5 to 6, and
every one is urged to be in attendance
as he will receive both profit and pleas-
ure.

Bernie Mulder, Sec'y.

A BIT OF IRELAND

(Continued from First Page)

strate with the youth. All he got as
reward was the threat of having him
removed from the estate.

Finally the old priest's Irish ire was
aroused. Michael was continually
blaming him for sympathizing with the
people. He would stand it no longer.
"Kathleen, sure and it's to America we
will go. Father O'Shea is there, and
faith he'll bid Crina and his niece
welcome." But he did not tell Kath-
leen that O'Shea had written repeated-
ly to him, begging him to come.

Kathleen was nothing loath. She was
pining for a change of scene. The old
estate was too full of poignant memories
for her. Everything spoke of Anthony.
Where was he?

It did not take them long to pack
their goods and turn their faces to the
land of sunshine and promise. And it
was better than a dream of fairyland
to the inexperienced Kathleen. The
ocean voyage, ended by the sight of
Liberty with her torch flaming in one up-
lifted hand, stirred her warm Irish
blood and all she could say was, "If
only Anthony were here with us!"
And her heart yearned for him as never
before.

When finally they reached their jour-
ney's end, in far away Iowa, Father
O'Shea gave them a hearty welcome.
They reached his home in the soft twi-
light and the heart of the girl went
wild over the wonderful expanse of
prairie with the waving corn shimmer-
ing in the light. "Wait till tomor-
row," said the kindly old priest. "I
will take you to visit our biggest farm-
er out here." And he smiled at the
girl's unease.

"I wish tomorrow were here," said
Kathleen, hardly herself understanding
why she should feel so excited. "It
feels as tho tomorrow were like the end
of the week after next, which never
comes, you know."

"Faith and he may drop in to see
us tonight," said O'Shea. "He's of
Irish blood and knows my Irish friends
are coming tonight."

"I hope he will," replied the girl.
"Come, Kathleen," said her uncle,
"and sure it is your uncle is thinking
of the dear old home tonight. Your
new country is big and wonderful, but
I miss the heather and the moor and the
shamrock around the door. Sing us
some of your old songs." And the
sweet young voice thrilled with the old
Irish melodies. Song after song she
sang; forgetful of all else, she was
living over the days when she had sung
them in her own far-away home with
Anthony as sole listener.

"Now give us, 'Sure it's just a bit of
heaven,'" said the host. We love that
song out here.

She began softly.

"Have you ever heard the story of how
Ireland got its name?"
and had reached the chorus,

"Sure it's just a bit of heaven fell from
out the sky one day."

when she felt rather than noticed a
slight stir near the entrance. Then thru
the half open door came a tall, tanned,
broad-shouldered man. He paused a
moment, then with a glad smile turned
toward Kathleen. The girl, struck
dumb for a moment, the song forgotten,
stared at him with wondering eyes; then
with a sudden bound and a half-smother-
ed cry of "Oh, Tony," she was in
his arms. "Anthony, where did you
come from? Who are you?" she cried,
tears of joy in her eyes.

"I'm your big farmer that Father
O'Shea told you about. I knew you
were coming. And you're just the 'bit
of heaven' that I want, Kathleen.
Will you come out to my farm with
me?"

The next day at sunset, two figures
might be seen silhouetted in the door-
way of a prosperous looking farm house.

Together they were watching the soft
glow slowly spread over the waving
corn. Kathleen had told him how things
were at the old home, and that the old
father was still active and busy. She
was now humming their favorite Irish
song softly.

"Kathleen," spoke the man, "I have
my bit of Ireland right here. This is
to be home for us now.

"In the blessed land of Room Enough
Beyond the Ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine,
And the flag is full of stars."

Slowly the dusk came and left them
standing there.

—Muriel Fortunite, '17.



LOCALS

Prof. Mc Creary—What did Lot's
wife turn to when she looked at Sodom?
"D"—She turned to rubber.

Query—Why does a blush creep up a
woman's cheek?

Answer—Because if it went any
faster it might kick up a dust.—Ex.

Prof. Nykerk—You know there are
always two sides to every argument.

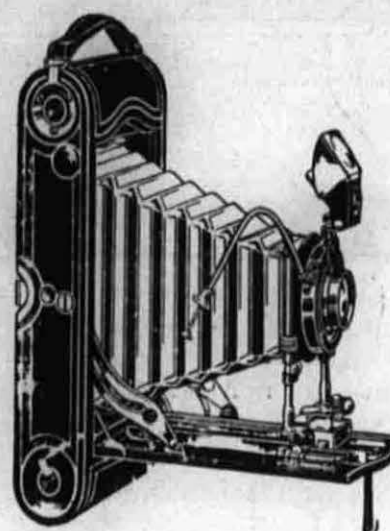
Wierenga—Yes Sir, yours and the
right side.

Mother—What are you studying now,
my son?

Science Student—We have taken up
the subject of molecules.

Mother—I hope you will be very at-
tentive and practice constantly. I
tried to get your father to wear one,
but he could not keep it in his eye.

A question which is still unanswered
is whether the noise at the Dorm. the
other day was due mostly to an alarm
clock or an alarming person or an
alarmed crowd.



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